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Art closed on the 10th of July. The most notable feature of the exhibition this season is the lottery by which a number of works of Art have been distributed, that would not otherwise have found a market. About fifty works have been bought and distributed.

ENGLAND.—The decorations and frescoes to adorn the interior of the new houses of parliament are to be executed under the direction of the Commissioners of the Fine Arts. Mr. Malise is to receive £3,500 for two large frescoes, to be painted on the lower part of the walls of the Royal Gallery. One compartment is to illustrate "Waterloo, the meeting of Wellington and Blücher," and the other subject is, "Trafalgar, the Death of Nelson." In the Peers' robing-room the subject is "Justice on Earth and its development in Law and Judgment," to be painted by J. R. Herbert, for £9,000. Mr. Cope is to depict the "Great Contest which commenced with the meeting of the Long Parliament," in a corridor which contains eight compartments, the sum appropriated for a fresco in each one being £600.

GERMANY.—We obtain a few critical remarks on German Art from the Brussels correspondent of a foreign periodical. He discourses upon an exhibition in that city, last July, of cartoons, by leading artists of Germany,—STEINLE, SOHNORR, BENDEMAN, VON SCHWINDT, HUBNER, and more particularly of its masters, RETHEL, KAULBACH and CORNELIUS. The last named represent the German school in its highest development; they are its great masters; one can scarcely err in his appreciation of them. We find in their compositions and in their interpretation of the beautiful, every quality of superior minds, energy, an almost terrific power, and a degree of boldness before which everything seems compelled to yield. Regarding the entire German school as homogeneous, that is to say, considering the labor of all its artists as the work of science and study rather than the inspiration of feeling, the result of which is to lead one to fancy that all its paintings might have been the work of one hand, the writer says that Rethel, Kaulbach and Cornelius are the climax of a system, the perfection of an art which has its fixed laws like algebra and the movements of the stars. Among the cartoons exhibited at Brussels, Cornelius has seven, of which "The Destruction of Troy" is the most important. In Germany, Cornelius is compared with Michael Angelo; he has, indeed, some of the qualities of the Italian Giant, his savage grandeur which overwhelms you, and a masterly expression of human anatomy. Cornelius is more a sculptor than a painter, and Greek art pursues him like a nightmare or like a mentor. Kaulbach exhibits in this exhibition two cartoons, "Greece in the time of Homer," and "The Satirical History of Humanity." This last is an allegorical frieze, executed in color upon the walls of the new museum at Berlin, and is a composition full of spirit, humor and thought, when one is familiar with the explanatory text. In it Kaulbach has portrayed every folly, every weakness, every glory, every misery of man and of society. And yet who would assert that this frieze would not have been more successful if its ideas had been embodied in writing instead of in painting? We now come to the cartoons of Rethel he who, perhaps, among all the talent that has sprung from these inflexible laws, has the most individuality. He exhibits four cartoons, the subjects of which are drawn from the history of Charlemagne, intermingled with legends. There is more simplicity in the grandeur of Rethel's figures than in those of Cornelius; they aim less to impress the observer, and for that reason, perhaps, impress one the more; he is less pre-occupied

with the style of other artists, and seems to abandon himself with more sincerity to his own natural inspiration. To sum up, the Germans are not painters; they are philosophers and *littérateurs* who make use of certain processes to render *ideas*. They appeal only to the reasoning faculty. Their cartoons (drawings) are remarkable; their frescoes are horrible to look at; these are *colored* with violent, discordant, impossible tints, without any harmonic refinement or grace. With reference to the distinctions and influence of style, the writer says: Each country, or rather each degree of latitude, has its specific character, its laws, its customs, its range of thought. The French, neo-Greek equally with the English pre-Raphaelite systems are simply absurd; these systems are maintained by artists who thus consciously avow their impotence. Unable to be themselves, they try to borrow from others qualities which have not come to them through observation; they strive for a talent which has not germinated in the study of the natural phenomena of human machinery, of its enlightenment, of effects, and of causes. And is it characteristic of our epoch that we must ever do over again what has once been done? Is it obligatory on us to encourage such weaknesses? Whenever artists are to be employed, all that can be done is to say to them, "Work according to your own inspiration!" What would Rembrandt have said if anybody had ventured to tell him that the work he was doing was not *high Art*, that it was absolutely essential to imitate the style of Raphael? *Literary painting*, in conclusion, is only possible in Germany, where they love complicated designs, where history is lax by being coupled with legends, where allegory is regarded as the chief instrument with which to impress the multitude, and where mysticism, reflected by Overbeck, is still one of its great forces.

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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1859.

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### Sketchings.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

BEING somewhat behindhand in our chronicle of artistic productions, we recall to mind various works that have been noted for our gossip.

Eastman Johnson had upon his easel (when we were last in his studio) a small canvas that glows with beauty. The subject is a girl of the Evangeline order, spinning. She is looking out of the canvas with all lustrous eyes, and presents such beautiful features in such an atmosphere of low-toned, harmonious color, that one quite forgets whether there was any action intended by the artist, to meet the common inquiry, "What is she doing?" It is one of these works of art that appeal to us silently, without the aid of symbol or story.

Gray has completed a small picture, designed to illustrate a passage in Longfellow's poem of "The Building of the Ship;" one of the best specimens of coloring that our school can exhibit. The lines of the poem which have suggested the picture afford the best description of it.

"And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the master's door  
Sat with the maiden, calm and still;  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill"

The father sat and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales," etc.

In addition to this picture, Mr. Gray has painted a head called "Hagar," fine in drawing and character, and a subject called "Truth;" both setting forth his peculiar excellences to the best advantage.

Leutze has completed one of his stirring dramatic pictures called "The Maid of Saragossa." Upon the bastion of a fortification, behind which rise the buildings of the city, we see a cannon surrounded by figures who are placing it in position, while on the brink of the shattered wall is a sharpshooter firing at the enemy below, represented by the head of one of them just appearing above a scaling-ladder; and towering over them and above the crowd of monks, soldiers, and citizens in the background is the maid herself as principal figure, in the act of inspiring the defenders of the city with greater ardor. A lurid glare heightens the effect of the composition, the elements of which are expressed with the artist's customary power of color and drawing.

In Mr. Huntingdon's studio we find a picture painted by him while in London, called "Ichabod Crane and Katrine Van Tassel." Katrine is seated in a chair, paring apples, while the awkward Ichabod, who has just entered her presence, is paying his *devoirs* in a quasi-graceful attitude, which shows that Ichabod had read more about making love than practised it. Rarely do we find the humor of a subject of this class so simply and finely expressed. The little Dutch coquettish figure of Katrine beams with fun; she has an archness of expression that is quite exciting, her eye being turned toward you, as if she looked up an instant to find some one to enjoy the fun with her. The accessories are happily introduced, and carefully but not obtrusively painted. This work was exhibited in the Royal Academy, London, last year, since which time the artist has greatly improved it. We regret that this picture did not appear in the late exhibition of the National Academy, as it would have added much to the dignity and impressiveness of the department of Art to which it belongs. We are reminded by this work to state that the "London Illustrated Times" has a woodcut of a picture called "The Doubtful Note," also painted by Mr. Huntingdon, while in London, which is highly spoken of. The picture is thus described: A sly-looking customer, in spectacles, has just presented a bank note to a shopkeeper in payment of some goods which he has bought and holds in a package under his arm. The old shopkeeper behind the counter is attentively scrutinizing the note through his spectacles, and his wife is whispering in his ear her doubts of the honesty of their customer. A critic in the London print (says the "Evening Post"), after speaking of the artist as having displayed "a lavish prodigality of resources, and given 'an interior of a mercer shop worthy of Teniers or Mulready,'" professes not to find the meaning of the picture very clear. If the picture had been called the "Counterfeit Note," its proper title, there would have been no mystery about it, so perfectly is the story told.

It is said that there is to be an exhibition of English Art in this city during the autumn, and that two of Millais' works are to be in the collection.

AMERICAN Art seems to be making its way in Europe. Rothermel, who exhibited a work in the Paris exhibition, has an "honorable mention" awarded to him by the jury of judges who allotted the prizes at the close of the French Ex-

hibition. In England sundry pictures have come before the public, and have been noticed extensively by the press. We give below a few extracts, the first of which is from the "Athenæum" on a "Venus," by Page:

Mr. Page, another of the skilled American artists who have studied and sojourned in Rome, has brought with him from Italy a picture of "Venus on the Sea, attended by two Loves." The work is treated, in some respects, with that ideal disregard of proportion in detail which is permitted to the sculptor. The shell on which the Queen of Love moves forward is as small as a coracle in a dream; the doves in the immediate foreground, too, are perhaps also liable to the same criticism. If these conditions are to be accepted, the picture is thereby placed in the lists for such honors as belong to the most ideal Art. We are not prepared to assert that Mr. Page altogether reaches this high standard; but his ambition is more than commonly honorable in days like these, when realism in painting is thrust on us as the Alpha and Omega of its excellence. His "Venus" has the haughty and triumphant beauty of her whose fascinations could bring the sword and the firebrand among men, as well as gentler sensations, and excitements not less potent, but less fierce. Her bust, arms and lower limbs are well modelled, with perhaps, a trifle too much anxiety as to exactness of articulation. A nude figure, however, ought not to suggest the fancy of any past constraint or compression. Mr. Page's "Venus" hardly escapes this charge. His coloring, with a certain tendency toward sombre-richness (such as time had brought over the carnations of Giorgione and Palma), is solid, attractive, and harmonious. The picture, in short, is a fine one: in no respect to be made light of—one which, whether it be taken for better or for worse, with agreement or disagreement, cannot be looked at, without interesting suggestion and remembrance being excited—which cannot be recollected, with an sincere respect for the aspiration and the performance of him who has painted it.

A work by Rinehart, of Baltimore, who is now in Rome, is thus noticed in the "Spectator":

We have had the opportunity of seeing a beautiful work in sculpture by a young American artist whose name is new to us—Mr. William H. Rinehart. . . . The work is a bas-relief, intended for a monument erected at Norwood by Mr. Benjamin Moran, the assistant secretary to the American Legation, to the memory of his wife. It represents the figure of an angel, who is gently leading the departed soul to a better world. The composition is exceedingly simple and beautiful. The expression of tender guardianship in the angel; and of the most perfect and affectionate resignation in the female figure, could not have been more sweetly portrayed.

Of the "Heart of the Andes," now fairly before the London public, the "Literary Gazette" says:

Considering the place it represents, the enterprise of the painter in repeating his visits to so distant and semi-barbarous a region for the sake of producing a faithful picture, the size of the work, and the care spent upon its execution, and considering further that it is the work of a painter unacquainted with European studies and academic traditions, it would claim respectful consideration, even if it failed to satisfy the requirements of the Art critic. But it stands in no need of allowances on any of these points. There are some particulars in which to an eye familiar with the great European masters of the landscape art, it would seem that a different style of handling could have produced a more satisfactory effect; but these are but few, and the prevalent feeling will be rather one of surprise at the artist-like knowledge and technical mastery which the picture almost everywhere displays. . . . In a word, it is a thoroughly honest and unaffected, yet noble and truly poetic representation of one of the grandest scenes in the world; a fine picture in itself, and as the work of a young man, full of promise for the artist and his country.

From a notice in the "London Times" we extract the following:

Mr. Church is already known in this country by his remarkable picture of Niagara, to which we directed attention some years ago. In it he manifested extraordinary power in the vigorous and honest presentation of a scene which has been generally considered to defy the hand of the painter.

Equal power is shown in this new picture, which, as an example of the literal and minute style of landscape painting, which some critics have called "representative," others "historical," and others "topographical," has never been approached for scale and elaborateness by any work of art yet shown in this country. . . . Wandering sunbeams strike here and there on tree trunk and lichen, pierce the fern-clad hollows of the cliff, or kindle into foam-bows in the spray of the waterfalls. Perhaps it is in the representation of these sun streaks, and of all the incidents of the river's course, that the great pictorial skill of the painter is most strikingly manifested. But he has not sacrificed, for any such details, however brilliant or tempting, the grandeur of his great whole. In so far as this is susceptible of representation by the "minute" or "topographical" method which Mr. Church follows, he seems to us to have done well-nigh all that can be done by the combination of close study, a keen eye and a most patient hand.

But many will be of opinion that no possible combination of these can reproduce the impression of a scene combining so many incidents into so colossal a whole, and that the "suggestive" or "imaginative" method alone can recreate for the spectator what the painter saw and felt under the shadow of Chimborazo. Be this as it may, Mr. Church's picture is not less a grand and a unique work. No landscape painter of our old world has ventured to grapple with such a range of nature as Mr. Church has boldly addressed himself to.

A NUMBER of artists have lately returned from Europe. Edwin White has brought with him his large picture of "Washington resigning his commission," which is now at his studio in the University, where Mr. White will complete it.—Rothermel arrived in the Ocean Queen, and is now in Philadelphia.—Whitredge, the landscape-painter, returned in the Vanderbilt.—C. G. Thompson came early in the summer, and is about to open a studio in this city.—The friends of J. G. Chapman will be pleased to hear of his intention to visit his native land in September: Mr. Chapman was to sail from Havre on the 23d of August.

**MONUMENTS.**—On the 2d of August the corner-stone of a monument to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrim fathers was laid near Plymouth Rock. The design of the monument is by Hammatt Billings, and consists of a canopy of which the following description gives an idea:

"The canopy will cover a square space, the sides of which will measure about fifteen feet. The whole height of the structure will be about thirty feet. Each of the four façades will present an arched opening, through which Forefather's Rock can be seen resting upon the floor of the arched chamber. The angles of these openings will be formed of solid piers, decorated with Roman doric columns bearing a plain entablature; above which will be an ornamental attic, with tablets containing inscriptions in the spaces above the arches; and the whole will be surmounted with circular pediments, the continuation of which will form the roofs. At the angles on the outside, between the columns, are to be placed four statues, representing some of the most distinguished persons among the Pilgrims. The material of which it is to be constructed is Quincy granite. The contractors will complete it on or before next Forefather's Day, if the requisite funds are collected for defraying the expenses attendant upon the construction."

We are rejoiced to find that the renewed attempt to complete that odd hybrid affair at our national capital, called the Washington Monument, finds no favor with our leading journals. The best disposition of the structure, as it now stands, is to permit it to remain as it is, a memento of the ignorance and bad taste of the generation that projected it. We shall always have such failures until monuments are confided to artists who can furnish evidence of their fitness to construct them. It is a great satisfaction to be able to point to a few monumental enterprises in which the moral conditions of their execution are in harmony with their noble purposes. First may be named the glorious Mount Vernon enterprise, projected and completed under the auspices of the women of the country. Next our Central Park, the beauty of which, as yet only partially developed, already proves the fidelity of its architect and the wisdom of its managers. Again, the equestrian Washington at Union Square, an enterprise managed so quietly and successfully as to be a model for all efforts of the same kind. There may be others; we mention these because we know their history. Referring again to the city of Washington affair, it is well to consider that an obelisk is the most primitive and barbarous of monumental structures. Obelisks were only intended to serve as tablets for inscriptions. The best obelisk in our country, that on Bunker Hill, is a failure, for it can scarcely be distinguished from the lofty chimneys that surround it. Monuments, like flowers, should not be subjected to competition with weeds!

#### ARCHITECTURAL GOSSIP.

Messrs. R. Upjohn & Co. are constructing several churches in different parts of the country, a list of which we give. At Albany they are building a fine edifice, called St. Peter's church, in the decorated style of architecture, of blue stone with brown stone dressings. Its area is 68 by 110 feet, with an apsidal chancel 26 feet. There is no gallery except an organ loft. The church is to seat 1,000 persons. The clerestory is of stone supported on stone columns, with richly carved capitals. The tower (no spire) will be 167 feet high. The cost of the church is \$68,000.—At Poughkeepsie they are erecting an Episcopal church in the Decorated English style. This edifice is a memorial church, and is erected for W. A. Davies, Esq. It is to be of blue stone, is to accommodate 300 persons, and will cost \$11,000.—An Episcopal church at Norfolk, N. C., built of brick, with stone dressings, in the English style, cost \$7,500.—An Episcopal church at Cleremont, built of wood, and to cost \$1,600.—An Episcopal church at Hazardville, Conn., to seat 250 persons; cost \$2,500.—St. Paul's church, Yonkers, to seat 250 persons; built of wood, on a brick basement, to cost \$5,000. The tower and spire of a church at Providence, R. I., built by R. Upjohn, fifteen years ago. This structure is very ornate, is to be 175 feet high, and will cost \$17,000.—A Presbyterian church at Genesee, N. Y., in the Italian style, to seat 400 persons, and to cost \$6,500.—Lastly, a church attached to an institution for indigent females in Brooklyn, which is to be in the early English style, and will cost \$14,000. In concluding our notice of the present labors of this veteran house, we would state that since the beginning of Mr. Upjohn's professional labors, more than one hundred and fifty churches have been erected by and under his supervision.

Dettif Lienau is engaged upon the decoration of the Mechanics' and Traders' Bank, Jersey City.

Those who are familiar with the fine collection of paintings

belonging to John Wolfe, Esq., will learn with pleasure that they are to be displayed to great advantage in an appropriate gallery attached to a new residence which Mr. Wolfe is about erecting on Murray Hill. The architect is J. C. Wells. Mr. Wells is also engaged upon a fine mansion, 50 feet front, on Stuyvesant Square, for Edward Walker, Esq. The good taste displayed in the design and in the choice of material render this house a model worthy of study.

## CRITICISM.

"Art has never thriven unless to a great extent it represents the opinion of the age. It may lead or influence opinion, but can neither drive it nor oppose it. But this relation, if it has its advantages, has also its drawbacks. The weaknesses and faults of the time will be reflected in its Art."

So says the "National Review" (Eng.), and it proceeds to tell us that a

—"demon of respectability" . . . is creeping into the studio. Now that the great middle class look at pictures, talk about and even buy them, a general "respectability" of subject becomes expedient. Already is anatomical art looked askance upon. Heathen mythology is almost forbidden. There is actually only one nude figure this year in the Royal Academy, and one half-nude, and both are unimportant. . . . It is only in sculpture that the unclothed human form is now to be seen in English exhibitions; and we do not doubt that, if this form of Art becomes more generally popular, the same restrictions will be imposed upon it. Now, plainly, we think this much to be regretted . . . we verily believe that prudery has been carried among us to a pernicious excess. We object to the total abstinence principle in Art as well as in other things. The human form is the most finished and beautiful work of Creative Power, and its ideal may be studied and admired by those who can appreciate it without injury to their moral sense. . . . A false public opinion may drive the ideal representation of the nude human form out of public sight. But in proportion as it succeeds, it will encourage a far worse evil—with all its dangers infinitely exaggerated and none of its correctives; . . . we would much rather see any number of ideal goddesses or nymphs in perfect nudity on the walls of the Academy, than those infamous and degrading actualities which abound in the stereoscopic shop-windows. . . . There is some check to the one, but none at all to the other.

True enough, but there is something to be said on the other side of the question. The philosophy of the nude is not yet understood. Society is divided as to the propriety or impropriety of artists making it a subject of treatment, and rightly enough on moral grounds. Certain it is that the admirers of the nude in Art justify it on account of the beauty and purity of nudity in the remains of ancient Art. But they avoid any reference to the state of society in antiquity out of which this phase of Art sprang. According to the writer of the above extract, the nude in Art must have been in conformity with the *opinion of the age*, for the existence of the art proves the existence of the opinion, which opinion again would not have generated the art had not the public of antiquity been familiar with exhibitions of the human form at authorized public games in greater or less degrees of nudity. History tells us that this was so. We are obliged, therefore, to admit the close connection between Art and public sentiment, and in arguing from the principle that "Art has never thriven unless to a great extent it represents the *opinion of the age*," it could be easily and conclusively demonstrated that nude art, abstractly right or wrong, is not characteristic of the age we live in, and that it is not, therefore, as justifiable as it was perhaps in antiquity. We would not assert, however, that genius may not override such

reasoning. What is most to be deprecated is the representation of the nude unnecessarily and without regard to higher aims in Art—certain aims that unquestionably characterize the modern development of Art over the ancient, such, for instance, as the wider scope of expression. These frequent attempts to portray the nude plainly show to all students of the spirit of Art, that the artists of modern times are not qualified to do it, both because the public taste does not naturally incline to it, and because the artist cannot study the nude figure under similar circumstances to those of antiquity, wherein it was, artistically, so inspiring and attractive. The spirit that animated naked forms at the Olympic games, or draped ones in a Panathenaic procession, was quite the opposite of that which artists are obliged to rest content with now in the dead-and-alive attitudes of hired models.

RUSKIN is thus summed up by a writer in "Frazer's Magazine:"

Unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of this—may we not say of any?—age is Mr. Ruskin. He is, if you like, not seldom dogmatic, self-contradictory, conceited, arrogant and absurd; but he is a great and wonderful writer. He has created a new literature, the literature of Art. . . . In fact, Mr. Ruskin, properly speaking, does not teach Art at all, but nature. He has done more for Art, perhaps, than has ever yet been done by man [in England], but it has been by bringing men in a serious, humble and teachable spirit to nature, and giving them something like a true idea of that which at best they but dimly apprehended before—how awful and beautiful she is, how full of love and sympathy for man, how majestic and how tender, how holy, how pure. . . . Mr. Ruskin has been assisted by a style singularly clear, rich, and powerful. Every inventor of a new philosophy has in some sort to invent a new vocabulary; and Mr. Ruskin's perfect command of a language surpassing all others, dead or living, except Greek, has enabled him to do this with extraordinary success. That in the detail of his work he is eminently inconsistent, there can be no doubt. The first volume of "Modern Painters" is partly intended to prove that the old masters knew nothing about Art; and when you have read it, you have a greater veneration of the old masters than ever. The reason is, that Mr. Ruskin's own principles have improved your taste, and made you admire what he himself professes to despise. He has found out for you some faults in the old masters; but he has also taught you to look at nature in such a way as to see more of all that is admirable in her; and the consequence is that the old masters, who caught the spirit of nature, even where they erred in the detail of representation, are more than ever precious in your eyes. In one page Mr. Ruskin will tell you to copy nature leaf by leaf, and grain by grain; in another, he will tell you that if you do so you will be quite wrong. In one chapter he will tell you that Turner is above all artists, past, present, and to come; in another he will tell you that there is no good Art but the pre-Raphaelite, which is certainly, in some respects, the very opposite of Turner. Yet for all this, and for all his arrogance, dogmatism, and egotism, he is one of the most delightful and instructive of writers.

## CLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

A COMMISSION has been appointed in England to consider the subject of *lighting picture-galleries by gas*, and it reports as follows:

There is nothing innate in coal gas which renders its application to the illumination of picture-galleries objectionable. Its light, though not so white as that of the sun, is equally harmless: its radiant heat may be rendered innocuous by placing a sufficient distance between the gas jets and the pictures, while the heat of combustion may be rendered eminently serviceable in promoting ventilation.

Coal gas may be free from sulphuretted hydrogen compounds, and in London is so at the present time; it then has little or no direct

action on pictures. But it has not as yet been cleansed from sulphide of carbon, which, on combustion, yields sulphuric acid gas capable of producing 224 grains of sulphuric acid per 100 cubic feet of present London coal gas. It is not safe to permit this product of the combustion to come in contact with pictures, painted either in oil or water colors; and the commission are emphatically of opinion that in every system of permanent gas lighting for picture or sculpture galleries, provision should be made for the effectual exclusion or withdrawal of the products of combustion from the chambers containing the works of Art.

The commission have examined the Sheepshanks' Gallery as an experimental attempt to light pictures with gas, and are of opinion that the process there carried out fulfills the condition of effectually illuminating the pictures, and, at the same time, removing the products of combustion. According to the indications of the thermometer required and obtained, it does this in harmony with, and in aid of, the ventilation, and does not make a difference of more than one degree Fahrenheit at the parts where the pictures are placed, between the temperatures, before and after the gas is lighted.

Certain color tests, consisting of surfaces covered with white lead, or with vegetable and mineral colors (especially the more fugitive ones), and in which also boiled linseed oil, maglyp, and copal varnishes were employed as vehicles, had been prepared, and were, when dry, covered one-fourth with mastic varnish, one-fourth with glass, one-fourth with both mastic varnish and glass, and one-fourth left uncovered. Sixteen of these have been placed for nearly two years in different situations, in some of which gas has been used, in others not. They give no indications respecting the action of coal gas (except injury from heat in one place purposely very near to and above the gas burners), but seven of them show signs of chemical change in the whites, due to either a town atmosphere or want of ventilation. The most injured is that from the National Gallery Charing-cross; and the next is from a country privy; the third, much less changed, is from the House of Commons; the fourth is from the Barber Surgeons' Hall; the fifth from the Bridgewater Gallery; the sixth from the Royal Society's Rooms, Burlington House; the seventh from the British Museum.

The remaining tests hung in—

1. Sheepshanks' Gallery, South Kensington.
2. Secretary's room at South Kensington, where no gas is used.
3. Mr. Henry Drummond's drawing-room, at Albury Park, Surrey.
4. Sealed up and kept in a closet in the secretary's room, at South Kensington.
5. Lambeth Palace, vestibule of the staircase.
6. British Institution, Picture-gallery.
7. Windsor Castle, room with a north aspect, without gas.
8. Mr. Thomas Baring's Picture-gallery, 41 Upper Grosvenor street, frequently lit with gas; present no observable change in this respect.

Though apart from the especial subject submitted to the commission, the members cannot resist a recommendation that this kind of trial, which is especially a painter's experiment, should be continued for a longer period, and, indeed, be carried out on a more extensive scale.

People, however, should not be deceived into believing that pictures can be *well* seen by gaslight. When pictures are painted by gaslight it will then answer to look at them by the same light.

With "German Singing Festivals" as a test, *Dwight's Journal of Music* thus discourses on our social condition:

Divided between money-making and politics on the one hand, and religion without much of "the beauty of holiness" on the other—between a barren puritanism of correct deportment and its natural alternative of stupid, bestial indulgence, we have somewhat as a people lost the art of free, spontaneous, genial, happy life. We are an unhappy people; none the less so that we are more prosperous than our neighbors. Prosperity is the bug-bear tyrant whom we serve as anxious bond-slaves, fearing to call one moment of our life our own, fearing

to *live*, in our unceasing, feverish pursuit of the mere means of living.

We are an anxious people, uncomfortably demonized and ridden, night-mare-like, by that which gives us power. We go ahead faster than others, but it is by a Centaur-like contrivance, by allowing so much of our real vital human Self to be absorbed into the lower animal, or the machine that carries us. Soon we shall cease to be men at all, we shall be so "fast." Your native American "live Yankee" wastes his life in rivaling a steam-engine; he makes himself a mere machine for generating power—power for what? And with what a solemn, pious, lean, hard-favored way he does it! With what a quasi-religious reverence he quotes his business maxims, his rules of principal and interest, and so forth! How he amalgamates unworldly orthodoxy with the most secular showman's cant in the advertising of his wares! How he practically confounds religion with his own selfishness, as generalized into prudential maxims!

Perhaps there are no people who put forth so much of will, so much of multifarious power as we; as there are certainly none who have so much political freedom, so much liberty and even license of opinion. And yet we have, perhaps, as little real freedom as any other. We are the slaves of our own feverish enterprise, and of a barren theory of life, which would fain make us virtuous to a fault, and substitute negative abstinence for harmonious positive living. *We are sadly destitute of the spontaneous element.* We are afraid to give ourselves up to the free and happy instincts of our natures. All that is not business, or politics, or study, or religion, we count waste. We have done it so long, that now we are like little children, unfit to be left to ourselves to enjoy ourselves together. Pleasure becomes intemperance with us; amusement, untaught, uninspired by higher sentiments, runs into the gross and sensual.

We lack *geniality*; nor do we as a people understand the meaning of the word. It comes of the same root with the word *genius*. Genius differs from the other ruling principles of life by the fact that its methods are spontaneous. Genius is the spontaneous principle; it is free and happy in its work; it is a practical reconciliation of heartiest pleasure with the highest sense of duty, with the most holy, universal ends and sentiments of life. Genius, as Beethoven gloriously illustrates in his Symphony, finds the key-note and the solution of the problem of the highest state in Joy. Now, all may not be geniuses, in the sense that we call Shakespeare, Mozart, and Raphael men of genius; but all should be partakers of this spontaneous, free and happy method of genius; all should live childlike, genial lives, and not wear the marks of their unrelaxing business, or the badge of party and profession, in every line and feature of their faces.

"THE Diarist Abroad," in Dwight's Journal of Music illustrates the difference between *natural* and *artificial taste*:

Books abounding in learned quotations are, to the ordinary reader, like railroads to the traveller—you can get over a great space in a short time—half see a great deal and know precious little of it all afterwards. You travel the Rhine for instance, by railroad, so far as it is completed, the rest of the way by steamboat (down stream, of course). You watch the shore with your Murray in your hand. There are Bing-en [Americanicé, Bin-gen] with the ruins of the old Castle Kloppe above it, and opposite hangs Ehrenfels on the side of the mountain; then Bishop Hatto's tower on the island. Ruin after ruin, and delicious little valleys opening upon the great Rheintal; and you pass delightful, quaint little old Bacharach, with exquisite Werner's Kapelle on the shelf of the hill, and the Lörlei Rocks and huge old Rheinfels, and so on all the way until by and by, after some sixty miles, you emerge between Rolands-Eck and the Drachenfels into the broad and beautiful Rhine Valley, wherein lie Bonn, and, twenty miles further, old Cologne. Yes, you have seen all, and all lies a chaos of unformed matter—like the stuff of which Ovid makes the earth—in your memory. No, you must take your knapsack and foot it down the Rhine, or up as you will, stop in the little village guest-houses; wander up the ravines, which are fairy-land; climb to the old castles; drink

milk and wine at peasant inns; sit in old ruins and muse; take your time and enjoy yourself; and so you will know the Rhine, and so only. So with your literary railroads. They carry you through broad fields of literature; make known to you the names of many authors; give you a thousand apt quotations with which to exhibit your learning—as jolly old Burton to Sterne—but after all, you know none of their charms—their cool poetic shades—the rare old ruins of thoughts and ideas of foregone ages; you drink not their milk and wine; you have nothing of their richness, self-found and laid up in the storehouse of memory.

The parallelism holds good to a certain degree also in Art. If Art be not a mere copying of nature, but a creation of forms, groups, scenes out of the materials derived from careful study and observation of nature, making the statue, group, historic painting or landscape; but the vehicle of conveying to the beholder the poetic feeling and sentiment of the artist, it is clear that the beholder must be able, either through a naturally deeply poetic nature or through study and reflection to sympathize with the artist, to be able to fully appreciate his work. I must confess—and it is a misfortune too—that in the case of sculpture, and in that of most poetry, my feelings and sympathies are not touched—but that is no ground for ridiculing the earnest admirer of both.

Those who have the gift of feeling them from nature are a happy class—they have a deep source of enjoyment from which I am shut out. But—the rushing from gallery to gallery on a six months' visit to Europe, by men and women, who never before saw a good picture or statue in their lives, and going into raptures over works, whose main excellence is their marvellous expression of the poetic side of Catholicism, a poetry of which they have and can have no conception—this is a railway method of travelling in Art. The Romish church has its deeply beautiful, poetic side, else it could have no such hold upon the human race; and not until this can be felt, do I believe that many of its miracles of Art can be other than splendid specimens of workmanship to the visitor. How many there are, whom I have seen in Dresden before the Madonna, to whom that celestial being was but a magnificently beautiful woman, but not so beautiful as the "Madonna in the chair" at Florence! The real triumph of Raphael's art had quite escaped them.

An English paper contrasts the value of modern and ancient pictures thus:

In times gone past, a very large number of those who bought pictures, did so rather with an idea that they were accumulating furniture which would at any time realize a certain and considerable sum in the market, rather than for love of Art. This feeling has not yet passed away, but it does not exert so much influence as formerly. Sixty or seventy years ago, the fashion almost entirely ran upon paintings by the old masters: wonderful prices were often paid for indifferent or doubtful works, while pictures by Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, and other leading artists of the English school sold for a comparatively small sum. But as years have passed, the value of works of the best of both the living and dead English painters has increased immensely. Pictures which had been originally sold for 50*l*. have brought more than 1,000*l*. No doubt, the choice gems of Art of all periods will keep a standard value; but we find at the sale of Lord Northwick's pictures, a three-quarter length by Vandyke (we take the artists' names from the printed list) of the Earl of Stafford, sold for 30 guineas; a portrait of Dr. Lock, the founder of the Lock hospital, sold for 60 guineas; a Cupid sold for 145 guineas; a Raphael Landscape with Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, a composition of ten figures, 88 guineas; a Rocky Landscape, by Salvator Rosa, a fine cabinet example, 50 guineas; a Wynants, 94 guineas; a copy by Velasquez of his own picture of the Four Philosophers, 36 guineas; a Rubens cabinet landscape, 60 guineas; Nicholas Berghem, "Rural Felicity," a grand landscape, with shepherds surrounded by their flocks, a fine work, painted in 1617, by the Burgomaster of Dort, the engraved picture, 145

guineas. In one day's sale of the works of the old masters, the highest price seems to have been 300 guineas for a group of family portraits, by Gonzales: the amount of this day's sale came to 3,300*l*.

On another day eighty-two modern pictures were offered, and sold for 7,000*l*. "The Breakfast, or the Dunces Punished," by Mr. Webster, R.A., was knocked down, after a spirited competition, to Mr. Flatou for 1,095 guineas; and "The Convalescent from Waterloo," by W. Mulready, R.A. (engraved for the Art Union of London), sold for 1,180 guineas.

## COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

N —, July 26, 1859.

Dear Crayon:

I HAVE been to the "Acadian Land," the land of sea-fogs and "Blue Noses," and I would have written you of it *locum tenens*, had I stayed there long enough. One day passed in that remote land brought me to the conclusion that if it were to be done at all "twere well 'twere done quickly," and we *did* it in double quick time, though not so hastily as to prevent our getting a sufficient notion of the country and of its barrenness for any artistic purpose.

We went from Boston by steamer to St. Johns, New Brunswick, where we were obliged to wait two days for the steamer that took us across the Bay of Fundy, to Digby, in Nova Scotia. The country about Digby was so uninteresting in appearance that we did not go ashore, but were transferred to a smaller craft that carried us up through a long arm of the sea called Digby Basin, to the ancient town of Annapolis. Here we were obliged to tarry several hours for the tide to flow in and fill the Annapolis River, up which we proceeded to Bridgeton as far as the river was navigable. This valley, being the richest part of the province of Nova Scotia, is called the "garden of Nova Scotia." The scenery is tame and monotonous; it is not unlike that of the Hudson, near Albany—pleasant enough, but offering very little for the pencil. Our ride from Bridgeton to Windsor (the Grand Pré of the Acadians), absorbed two days. With the heat and dust and the utter absence of anything to interest one in the landscape, it was about as disagreeable a ride as I ever experienced. It was for the most part over sand barrens that grow nothing but balsams and white birches; and this being the second growth, there was not a sign of the "forest primeval—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks" that the poet sings of. One glance sufficed for the surroundings of Grand Pré at the head of the Basin of Minas! By the way, Longfellow's description of the scenery is not wonderfully accurate—for instance, "Blomidon," which he makes rising "away to the northward," is, in fact, invisible far away to the *south-west*. At Windsor we gladly exchanged the slow and dusty coach for the quick and dusty cars, and were whirled forty-five miles through a desolate, uninhabited region, abounding in balsam and white birch, and numerous small lakes along the margin of Halifax Basin, an arm of the sea that extends like a lake ten miles inland from the capital. We spent a day about that grim, dirty old town, which looks like a dirty English seaport. In a walk toward Oherrecook, where there is a settlement of the old Acadians, we saw some of the French *habitants*. They look and dress like the Normandy peasants, except that the tall white cap is replaced by a black handkerchief, tied under the chin. We saw "matrons and maidens," but not "in snow-white caps, and in kirles scarlet and blue and green," as the poet describes them.

Having another day to spare before the steamer left Windsor for St. Johns, we spent it on the shores of the Basin, sketching the birch-covered wigwams and canoes of the Micmacs whom

we found encamped there. These Indians are a simple and friendly folk. We paddled about in their canoes, and in the evening had a pow-wow and smoked a pipe with them about the fire in a wigwam. The following day we left this region, and with it all I have to communicate of this unpicturesque country.

Dear Crayon :

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Aug. 13th, 1859.

This beautiful country is becoming better known from year to year, and is, of course, more frequently visited by strangers. The hotel this summer has been filled to overflowing, and every spare room in the village has been occupied. It is no wonder! for a prettier and more attractive region cannot be found in any portion of the United States. Fancy a village lying in a valley both fruitful and verdant, its pretty residences surrounded by some of the most magnificent elms that are to be found in the whole country, with a ridge of mountains inclosing the valley—a magnificent framework of wooded hills, gilded daily with the glories of the rising and the setting sun—what more beautiful scene could you desire! The time is not far distant when this Berkshire region will become as well known and as famous as any of the lovely valleys of the world.

The ornamentation of Stockbridge—its noble trees and ample roads—is placed under the direction and supervision of the "Laurel Hill Association," an organization presided over by the ladies of the village; and nobly and effectually have they fulfilled the duties of the position they occupy. I have never seen, even in the rural districts of England, the evidences of more intelligent taste and cultivation than can be found here. The inhabitants all unite in giving to the organization of the "Laurel Hill Association" their patriotic support and coöperation; the result is plainly visible in the neatness and amplitude of the roads and paths, in their fine order, and in the variety and beauty of the trees which overshadow them on every side.

There is a lively spirit, too, among the younger portion of the people. A short distance from the village—on the other side of the Housatonic River—is a remarkable glen, known as the Ice Glen. It is about half a mile in extent, and is really a wild and romantic spot. Huge rocks are piled one upon the other in endless confusion and in magnificent disorder, as if thrown up by a violent convulsion of nature. The walk through and over these monstrous rocks is difficult and somewhat dangerous, and requires great care and a close attention to one's foothold to insure safety while winding through the intricate labyrinth. Parties are frequently formed among the young people to make the tour of the Ice Glen; and, as there is a dash of adventure and danger in the undertaking, it produces more or less excitement in their susceptible hearts. A few nights ago a torch-light procession through the Glen came off. The young gentlemen under whose auspices it was undertaken, were occupied for several days before in making the necessary preparations; one hundred torches were made, costumes of striking contrasts of color were obtained, and all the apparatus requisite for safe conduct. The ladies were also occupied in the making and preparing their costumes, and neither expense, effort nor taste were spared to render the affair the most brilliant that had ever been got up in Stockbridge. On the evening of the procession, the town was alive with activity and excitement; people assembled from various parts of the country to enjoy the scene, and Stockbridge, for one day at least, lost its tranquillity and quiet—two characteristic features of its existence. The party assembled at the appointed hour, illuminated by the light of the blazing

torches, a short distance from the mouth of the Glen. The effect of torch-lights upon the costumes in contrast with the night-gloom was wonderfully picturesque and unique, and it called forth unstinted applause. The Swiss and Roman dresses of the ladies shone with peculiar brilliancy. Little Red Riding Hood—which was prettily done by one of our own dear young friends from Yonkers—walked side by side with a fair haired damsel from the Bernese Alps, clad in the picturesque costume of that distant mountain region. Even Topsy—personated by a beautiful young lady of the village—was allowed to walk by the side of a queen of the Orient. The various other rôles of this interesting festivity were effectively filled by others of our fair friends to the admiration and gratification of all the observers. Among these, and amid the gay groups, a pretty nun performed her gentle part with modest sweetness. A gay shepherdess, Bo-peep by name, with powdered hair, and adorned with red and gold, attracted marked attention as a representative of the time of Louis XIV. The *Fille du Régiment* and the Swiss Shepherdess, by two fair ladies of the village, excited great admiration. It is vain for me, not *au fait* in such matters, to attempt anything like a graphic description of all the characters that delighted me. At ten o'clock the party left their friends and proceeded into the mysterious glen, its massive rocks frowning sullenly upon the gay and happy groups below. The gallant and spirited gentlemen now entered upon their hazardous and responsible duties. The timid were encouraged, and the feeble assisted in the perilous ascent. Upon every rock the dazzling torches gleamed, the glowing blue-light projecting itself far into the profound depths, and illuminating with magic power, the broad shadows and solitary places of this yawning chasm. The effect, as the cortège wound around and over the precipitous rocks, whose grim faces seemed to defy the intruders, the various costumes, bright with tinsel and fluttering ribbons, and brilliant with color, and reflecting back the ample light of the torches, was indeed splendid beyond description.

It required more than an hour to perform the circuit, and at eleven o'clock the procession defiled from the eastern *embouchure* of the glen, and broke upon the view of the hundreds of spectators, who were waiting to receive it. Not an accident occurred to mar the joy of this festive gathering—which ended in a ball, in which all participated. This festivity is got up every summer, and is always looked forward to with rare anticipation of pleasure by all who are fortunate enough to be able to spend a portion of the summer at Stockbridge.

This beautiful country, already immortalized by the pen of a poet, whose fame is one of the noble prizes of our country—William Cullen Bryant—is worthy of the traveller's attention. Its mountains—(among which is the famous "Monument Mountain"—the theme of one of Mr. Bryant's finest poems)—its lakes that lie sparkling in the sun, reflecting the bright foliage—its fine drives and pleasant nooks, all offer attractions that are unsurpassed to the lover of nature. What the poet has done to render this country better known and appreciated, the artists are completing. The pen and pencil are united in the glorious work of giving to nature a deeper hold upon the heart and the intellect. I am happy to inform you that our friend James M. Hart, whose studies and labors have been so favorably received by all who have a taste for the Fine Arts, is here, and forms one of our pleasant community at the hotel.

We have also other artists here. Mr. Hekking, a young Hollander, a pupil of Mr. Hart, who has made some fine studies from the banks of the Housatonic. We have also Mr. Lewis, of

Philadelphia, and Mr. Dana, from the same city. So, you see, we have nature and Art to attach us to this favored country.

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ROCKY MOUNTAINS, July 10, 1859.

Dear Crayon :

If you can form any idea of the scenery of the Rocky Mountains and of our life in this region, from what I have to write, I shall be very glad; there is indeed enough to write about—a *writing* lover of nature and Art could not wish for a better subject. I am delighted with the scenery. The mountains are very fine; as seen from the plains, they resemble very much the Bernese Alps, one of the finest ranges of mountains in Europe, if not in the world. They are of a granite formation, the same as the Swiss mountains and their jagged summits, covered with snow and mingling with the clouds, present a scene which every lover of landscape would gaze upon with unqualified delight. As you approach them, the lower hills present themselves more or less clothed with a great variety of trees, among which may be found the cotton-wood, lining the river banks, the aspen, and several species of the fir and the pine, some of them being very beautiful. And such a charming grouping of rocks, so fine in color—more so than any I ever saw. Artists would be delighted with them—were it not for the tormenting swarms of mosquitoes. In the valleys, silvery streams abound, with mossy rocks and an abundance of that finny tribe that we all delight so much to catch, the trout. We see many spots in the scenery that remind us of our New Hampshire and Catskill hills, but when we look up and measure the mighty perpendicular cliffs that rise hundreds of feet aloft, all capped with snow, we then realize that we are among a different class of mountains; and especially when we see the antelope stop to look at us, and still more the Indian, his pursuer, who often stands dismayed to see a white man sketching alone in the midst of his hunting grounds. We often meet Indians, and they have always been kindly disposed to us and we to them; but it is a little *risky*, because being very superstitious and naturally distrustful, their friendship may turn to hate at any moment. We do not venture a great distance from the camp alone, although tempted to do so by distant objects, which, of course, appear more charming than those near by; also by the figures of the Indians so enticing, travelling about with their long poles trailing along on the ground, and their picturesque dress, that renders them such appropriate adjuncts to the scenery. [For a figure-painter, there is an abundance of fine subjects. The manners and customs of the Indians are still as they were hundreds of years ago, and now is the time to paint them, for they are rapidly passing away, and soon will be known only in history. I think that the artist ought to tell his portion of their history as well as the writer; a combination of both will assuredly render it more complete.]

We have taken many stereoscopic views, but not so many of mountain scenery as I could wish, owing to various obstacles attached to the process, but still a goodly number. We have a great many Indian subjects. We were quite fortunate in getting them, the natives not being very willing to have the brass tube of the camera pointed at them. Of course they were astonished when we showed them pictures they did not sit for; and the best we have taken have been obtained without the knowledge of the parties, which is, in fact, the best way to take any portrait. When I am making studies in color, the Indians seem much pleased to look on and see me work; they have an idea that I am some strange medicine-man. They behave very

well, never crowding upon me or standing in my way, for many of them do not like to be painted, and fancy that if they stand before me their likenesses will be secured.

I have above told you a little of the Wind River chain of mountains, as it is called. Some seventy miles west from them, across a rolling prairie covered with wild sage, the soap-plant (?) and different kinds of shrubs, we come to the Wahsatch, a range resembling the White Mountains. At a distance, you imagine you see cleared land and the assurances of civilization, but you soon find that nature has done all the clearing. The streams are lined with willows, and across them at short intervals they are intersected by the beaver dams; we have not yet, however, seen any of their constructors. The mountains here are much higher than those at home, snow remaining on portions of them the whole season. The color of the mountains and of the plains, and, indeed, that of the entire country, reminds one of the color of Italy; in fact, we have here the Italy of America in a primitive condition.

We came up here with Col. F. W. Lander, who commands a wagon-road expedition through the mountains. At present, however, our party numbers only three persons; Mr. F—, myself, and a man to take charge of our animals. We have a spring-wagon and six mules, and we go where fancy leads us. I spend most of my time in making journeys in the saddle or on the bare back of an Indian pony. We have plenty of game to eat, such as antelope, mountain grouse, rabbit, sage-hens, wild-ducks, and the like. We have also tea, coffee, dried fruits, beans, a few other luxuries, and a good appetite—we ask for nothing better. I enjoy camp-life exceedingly. This living out of doors, night and day, I find of great benefit. I never felt better in my life. I do not know what some of your Eastern folks would say, who call night air injurious, if they could see us wake up in the morning with the dew on our faces!

We are about to turn our faces homeward again, the season being a short one here, and to avoid the fall deluge on the plains, which renders the roads almost impassable.

Yours,

B.

#### CITY CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Crayon :

In return for, and in the absence of, letters from your once prolific country correspondents, I venture to give you a letter from the city, thinking that city studies may amuse country readers and render them contented with their lot by contrast. My bank account is made up for the day—country people can have no appreciation of that circumstance—so that there is no chance of my failure before to-morrow. I have, accordingly, an hour's comfort before I go home to my wife, who remains in town this summer; I give that hour to what follows.

I will begin by giving you country folks a hint. A friend who has just left my office amused me with an account of how he found in Broadway a person from the country whom it was important for him to see, but whom he had no knowledge of even by description. "Mr. Fardown wrote me," said my friend (who also resides out of the city), "that he would meet me in New York to-day at an appointed place. He arrived first, left his name and direction at a certain hotel. I came accordingly, but late in the day, and on going to his hotel was told that 'No. 26 and his daughters had gone out about half an hour before.' My time was precious, so I resolved to track him and find him by instinct. I knew the habits of country people on a visit to New York, particularly of country girls.

Cautioned at home before they start not to stare or turn their heads as if they never saw anything in their lives, they walk along covertly glancing at windows and ladies' dresses, afraid to disobey injunctions, and yet intensely excited with curiosity. Of course, says I to myself, they will go first to the American Museum, and afterward to the City Hall, and by that time I think I can catch them. I started for the Museum—examined the crowd listening to the band and wonderingly studying the transparencies—but without success; I then pushed for the Hall. Going through the Park, I noticed a party in advance of me, a gentleman and two ladies; I quickened my steps, took a side glance which encouraged me, passed ahead of the trio and fronted them. A military order of 'eyes right' could not be more implicitly obeyed by soldiers than by those girls—their heads were as erect and square as a grenadier's shako—nothing moved, as they walked, but their eyeballs. I stepped up and bowed—"Mr. Fardown?" "Yes sir," said he, surprised. I mentioned my name and joined the party. He introduced me to the girls, who became very communicative, and especially so on Barnum's transparencies, as we turned back to their hotel, to attend to my business with their father."

From my office window, looking into the busy street, and more particularly on the opposite side of the way, I find something of interest. On the opposite corner is an Irish huckster, who has appropriated the sidewalk against the railing of a German boarding-house. Like many of his superiors, he finds contentment in smoking; he appears to be generous, too, if one can judge by sundry occasional gifts to the dirty children that swarm in our populous neighborhood. He has pitched his stand in front of a German *wirtschaft*, against an iron railing, which, although now supporting the huckster-store, once protected the residence of a fashionable aristocrat. The railing, however, still does duty for exotics, for hanging to one of its prongs is an almost bare banana-stalk, upon which a few half-decayed bananas still cling, awaiting a purchaser; a cocoa-nut is balanced on the iron cross-piece, its monkey-like face looking down upon a lot of dirty fruit—oranges, apples, pears, peaches and peanuts—by the side of which are a few cigars and pieces of rusk, the glazed coating of the latter somewhat dimmed by sundry layers of dust. The German emigrants, who crowd the windows behind the iron bars, look at the stock in trade of our Irish friend with longing eyes; it would seem as if they did not believe there could be so much fruit in the world. Underneath and alongside of this well-spread counter, are baskets half filled with green apples and an old chair supporting a pail of lemonade, while empty orange-boxes, tin pails and sundry garments fill the otherwise unoccupied spaces. Painters once thought ale-house doors, skittle-grounds, wine-cellar, barns and pig-sties worthy of pictorial representation; the Irish huckster, with his motley set of customers, is not the less so for any Jan Steen, Ostade or Teniers of our day who may choose to paint him.

The German boarding-house next takes my eye. Its windows, from cellar to garret, are mostly open, letting the eyes into the interior. At one of these, in the first story, sits a brunette, her black hair and dark complexion making a beautiful background for her dazzling white teeth, which, when she laughs, seem to flash light like a mirror into my sombre office. That complexion was not born in Germany! She wears golden ear-rings, a light summer dress, and evidently enjoys the position which she has in a window that gives upon a thoroughfare. I doubt if the same window was ever so graced in the days

when that house was filled with "aristocracy." . . . The eye wanders upward to the second story, and rests upon a child carefully nursing a doll, brilliantly dressed in red. . . . Immediately above this window, in the third story, is a woman in black, looking out into the street; she has a sad-looking face, and is evidently thinking of other scenes and people than the "careless throng of the crowded street." She vanishes as if she were called, and now appears again, and now retires and closes the sash. . . . In the next house is a family group. On the window-sill sits an infant, its little feet dangling over the brick precipice—but it is safe, for its father's arms are around it; the mother sits by sewing; and she looks up and appears startled; the father turns, lifts the child indoors, and seems to say something; the mother kisses the child and the father kisses her.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just returned from an unexpected journey to the foot of 26th street. Allow me, dear country reader, to give you some idea of city life in hot weather. In the omnibus that transferred me from up-town to down-town, I was wedged in with eleven adults, four children and a small dog, the interstices being filled up with carpet-bags, baskets, bundles, umbrellas and crutches. Think of that, ye space-enjoying sojourners by limpid streams and ye dwellers among the mountains! I do not censure omnibus drivers from imposing a little on the generous public, for this same generous public never fails to return the compliment. All that the driver of our vehicle received for the carriage of a man and woman, two children, two large carpet-bags and a dog, two miles, was fifteen cents!

Once more, my reader friend, and I will detain you no longer. While on a walk, a few days since, in the State of New Jersey, and not three miles from this well-educated city, I found the following notice in a conspicuous place:

#### TAKE NOTICE.

A Cream Collared Hors with 3 wite feat and wite Spot in the fore head and Blind In the Left Eye was Put in the Pound On the 30 Day of July with a Bill of Dommages with him the Oner of said hors By Cauling and Paying Dommages and Cost can Redeaming him I shall offer said Hors at Publick Sale on the 3 day of September at 4 O'clock P m of that Day If the Oner Dose not Re Deam Said Horse Sale to take place at the Pound yard In New Ban deer town ship.

MARTIN F. FREELAND, Pound Keeper.

I was informed that the Pound-keeper was also a Preacher and Justice of the Peace.

Yours,

B. E. N.

#### OBITUARY.

JOHN W. PRIEST.—This worthy man and excellent architect died at his residence in Newburg, on Sunday, the 24th day of July last. Mr. Priest was born October 6th, 1825, in the city of New York, where he passed his first years until he left the city to enter college. He graduated with honor at Washington (now Trinity) College, in Hartford, Ct. Having early taken a deep interest in the study of Architecture, he selected that art for his profession, and devoted himself to it ardently and successfully. He resided at Newburg, the delicate state of his health preventing him from residing in the city.

Mr. Priest was an earnest student of his noble art and a faithful and conscientious practitioner of it. His works are conspicuous for purity of taste, and a conscientious and intelligent employment of his powers. All who came in contact with him, socially or officially, were impressed with his love of

truth, his frankness, his respect for knowledge, and for his wise application of the fruits of experience; the result of this was to make one value his society scarcely less than those to whom it was dearer through the ties and sympathies of domestic life. He was an honor to the body of architects to which he belonged, and his loss may well be deplored by his profession as well as by the community at large.

A friend who was intimate with Mr. Priest, says of him as follows: "Mr. Priest was just emerging into fame—fairly won by a close application to the minutiae of his calling—such as sound principles of construction and unvarying attention to detail, all the work of his hands being guided by a refined and cultivated taste, proceeding from a mind well stored with intellectual wealth. The last ten years of his life were those of suffering and debility, which at times prostrated his body, and seriously interfered with his hopes in his profession; but against all obstacles he bore up manfully, striving with unwavering determination to do his utmost in that station into which it had pleased God to call him. He was in belief a sound and thorough churchman, and took especial delight in designing and constructing houses of God; indeed, the studies of ecclesiology and architecture were ever combined with him; and we have the result in fitting houses of worship scattered over the land, built with an especial regard for the due performance of the solemn ritual of the church. Baltimore, especially, has several monuments of his skill and good taste in this particular, while New York, New Jersey, Maryland, North Carolina, and Alabama, all show enduring mementoes of his genius. In domestic work, he erected cottages, country-houses, parsonages, and schools, in many of our States, and was well-known for his rigidity in carrying out to the utmost extent his principles of thoroughness and good taste, seldom failing to call forth sentiments of perfect satisfaction from his constituents. His last sickness was one of suffering, and his death was peaceful—soothed by the consolation of the church he loved so well."

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We desire to add our indorsement to the following item from the "Evening Post," concerning Mr. Ehninger's success:

"Ehninger, the artist, has been highly successful with his experiments in what may, perhaps, be termed photographic etching. The process is that of etching on plates of glass, prepared according to photographic principles, from which any number of impressions can be printed. The superiority of the process to that of the old process of etching on copper or steel, is that any artist, with a common needle, is able to etch his design upon the glass, without that previous practice with the dry point and skill in laying grounds that are required for etching on metals. The new process may not furnish all the delicate resources of the old process, but it is sufficiently expressive to enable amateurs to enjoy the *thought, style and touch* of the artist in a more complete and perfect form than ordinarily within our reach. Several artists have experimented with Mr. Ehninger's plates, and with great success. Among those who have made drawings are Darley, Casilear, Kensett, Lambdin, Mignot, E. Johnson, Durand, Stone, Delessard, Boughton, Gifford, and others, and the result is a portfolio of etchings of the greatest interest to all who know how to estimate their value. We believe it is Mr. Ehninger's intention to have a series of drawings furnished by various artists and published by the end of the year. We cannot conceive of a more beautiful or instructive *annuaire* for a holiday gift."

A few prints are published in this country from time to time, genuine original Art, which are of significance in relation to the cultivation of public taste. We are reminded of this frequently on glancing at some of these productions in our shop windows, contrasting as they do with so much inferior foreign Art. One that comes into our mind is a lithograph by Grozelier, from a drawing by Barry, called "The Motherless"—two children's heads of great beauty. The spirit of the original drawing may not, perhaps, be fully preserved in this copy; but it is, nevertheless, an embodiment of true beauty and satisfactorily suggestive of the graceful and pathetic sentiment of the original, and worthy of being hung on the walls of any house in the land. This lithograph may be had for a moderate sum. In addition to the above, there is a photograph of the "Motherless" from the original drawing.

In portraiture, a fine lithographic head of Longfellow has appeared, we think, from a photograph.

Among prospective publications, we hear of two engravings in the mixed style by Ritchie & Co., from Darley's drawings of Washington entering New York, called "The Triumph of Patriotism;" and the battle of Lexington, called "The First Blow for Liberty." There are also to be issued a series of photographs of various works by Eastman Johnson ("Negro Life at the South"), Bellows, Lambdin, Boughton, etc.

### Studies among the Trees.

EDUCATION is a problem of greater significance and more difficult of solution than any social puzzle occupying the brains of the good men of our day. Two systems prevail, the scientific and the classic, or as we prefer to call it, the poetic, the latter being the most in vogue; in fact, the scientific system may be said to be only in embryo. We propose to quote a few scattered passages from various writers, mainly to expose some of the rocks and shoals of the classic system.

A writer, and an eloquent one, in a recent number of the "Westminster Review," in advocating Science as a fundamental principle of education, and with a more comprehensive meaning than is usually attributed to the word, says:

We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after career, a boy, in nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purposes. The remark is trite, that in his shop or his office, in managing his estate or his family, in playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire; so little, that generally the greater part of it drops out of his memory; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light on the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion.

There can be but little doubt that in this country, the motive cited, "conformity to public opinion," prevails without a thought of its unsoundness. Parents, in our society, are generally so well off as to be able to pay munificently for the education of their children, and so ignorant as to be quite incompetent to decide upon the proper education for them. When the question is off his mind, as to where he shall send his children to school, the parent feels as happy as he does afterward when the money is made or borrowed to pay the teacher's bill, or, as is too often the case, when he avoids paying any bill by having sent his